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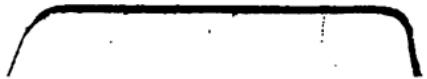
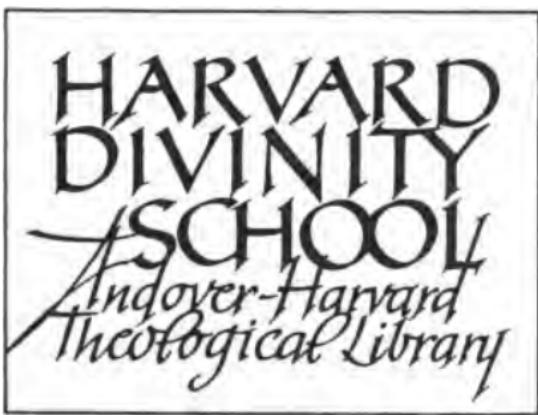
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# ADDITIONAL HYMNS

SET FORTH BY THE

**HOUSE OF BISHOPS,**

AT THE REQUEST OF THE

**HOUSE OF CLERICAL AND LAY DEPUTIES,**

IN

**GENERAL CONVENTION, OCTOBER, 1865;**

**TO BE USED IN THE CONGREGATIONS OF THE PROTESTANT  
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*"These Hymns, by direction of the House of Bishops, are published under the supervision of the Joint Committee to whom the subject of the Hymnody of the Church had been referred at the preceding Convention.*

*For the Committee,*

GEORGE BURGESS,  
M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE,  
FRANCIS WHARTON."

DECEMBER, 1865.

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## ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

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### REDEMPTION.

Hymn 213.

II. 4.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;  
The gladly-solemn sound !  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made :  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption by his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
 Your liberty receive,  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live:  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught  
 Your heritage above,  
 Receive it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus' love:  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of heavenly grace;  
 And, saved from earth, appear  
 Before your Saviour's face:  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

## Hymn 214.

C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood  
 Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there may I, as vile as he,  
*Wash all my sins away.*

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing Thy power to save;  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

## THE CHURCH.

## Hymn 215.

## III. 3.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God:  
 He, whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for his own abode;  
 On the rock of ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove;

Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
 Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear,  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near.  
 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood!  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I through grace a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in Thy name:  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

## Hymn 216.

C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,  
 That have obtained the prize,  
 And on the eagle wings of love,  
 To joys celestial rise:

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
 With those to glory gone:  
 For all the servants of our King,  
 In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him;  
 One church above, beneath;  
 Though now divided by the stream,—  
 The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,  
 To His command we bow;  
 Part of His host have crossed the flood,  
 And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,  
 This solemn moment fly;  
 And we are to the margin come,  
 And we expect to die.

6 Then, Lord of Hosts, be Thou our Guide,  
 And we, at Thy command,  
 Through waves that part on either side,  
 Shall reach Thy blessed land.

## Hymn 217.

C. M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
 A kingly crown to gain;  
 His blood-red banner streams afar:  
 Who follows in His train?

2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
 And triumph over pain,  
 Who patient bear His cross below,  
 He follows in His train.

- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
    Could pierce beyond the grave,  
    Who saw his Master in the sky,  
    And called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
    In midst of mortal pain,  
    He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
    Who follows in His train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
    On whom the Spirit came:  
    Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
    And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
    The lion's gory mane;  
    They bowed their necks the death to feel;  
    Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army, men and boys,  
    The matron and the maid,  
    Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
    In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,  
    Through peril, toil, and pain;  
    Oh God! to us may grace be given  
    To follow in their train!

## ADVENT.

## Hymn 218.

III. 3.

HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;  
 “Christ is nigh!” it seems to say,  
 “Cast away the works of darkness,  
 O ye children of the day!”

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,  
     Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
     Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
     Rises in the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
     Comes with pardon down from heaven:  
     Let us haste, in godly sorrow,  
     Through His blood to be forgiven.

4 So when next He comes with glory,  
     Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
     May we by His love be shielded!  
     May He to forgive draw near!

## Hymn 219.

III. 3.

SEE, He comes! whom every nation,  
     Taught of God, desired to see,  
     Filled with hope and expectation  
     That He would their Saviour be.

Sing! oh sing, with exultation!  
 Haste we to our Father's home!  
 Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,  
 Now from heaven to earth are come!

2 See, He comes! whom kings and sages,  
 Prophets, patriarchs of old,  
 Distant climes, and countless ages,  
 Waited eager to behold.  
 Sing! oh sing with exultation!  
 Haste we to our Father's home!  
 Peace, redemption, joy, salvation,  
 Now from heaven to earth are come!

3 See! the Lamb of God appearing!  
 God of God, from heaven above!  
 See the heavenly Bridegroom cheering  
 His own Bride with words of love!  
 Glory to the Eternal Father,  
 Glory to the Incarnate Son,  
 Glory to the Holy Spirit,  
 Glory to the Three in One!

## Hymn 220.

C. M.

NOW gird your patient loins again,  
 Your wasting torches trim!  
 The chief of all the sons of men,  
 Who will not welcome Him?

2 Rejoice, the hour is near! At length  
 The Journeyer, on His way,  
 Comes in the greatness of His strength,  
 To keep His festal day.

3 Oh let the streams of solemn thought  
 Which in His temples rise,  
 From deeper sources spring, than aught  
 Born of the changing skies.

4 Then, though the summer's pride departs,  
 And winter's withering chill  
 Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts  
 Shall be unchanging still.

## Hymn 221.

C. M.

ONCE more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be  
 Upon the heavens displayed,  
 And earth and its inhabitants  
 Be terribly afraid:  
 For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st,  
 Our woes, our sins to bear,  
 But girt with all Thy Father's might,  
 His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,  
 Oh! who can understand?  
 Or who abide, when Thou in wrath  
 Shalt lift Thy holy hand?  
 The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
 The sun in heaven grow pale;  
 But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
 Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
 Our time in trembling here,  
 That when upon the clouds of heaven  
 Thy glory shall appear,

Uplifting high our joyful heads,  
 In triumph we may rise,  
 And enter, with Thine angel train,  
 Thy palace in the skies.

## Hymn 222.

L. M

**H**OSANNA to the living Lord!  
 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

- 2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;  
 Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:  
 Above, beneath us, and around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour! with protecting care,  
 Return to this, Thy house of prayer:  
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,  
 Here we Thy parting promise claim.
- 4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,  
 Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;  
 And make our secret soul to be  
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

## CHRISTMAS.

## Hymn 223.

## III. 3.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
 Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;  
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Cherubs tell the wondrous story,  
 Joyous seraphim reply,  
 "Glory in the highest, glory!  
 Glory be to God most high!"

3 Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found;  
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!  
 Loud our grateful harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
 Heaven and earth His praises sing!  
 Oh receive whom God appointed,  
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
 Learn His name to magnify,  
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
 Glory be to God most high!"

## NEW YEAR.

## Hymn 224.

III. 1.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
    Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
    Never more to meet us here:  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
    They have done with all below:  
We a little longer wait,  
    But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies  
    Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
    Darts, and leaves no trace behind,  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
    Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;  
    All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
    Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
    With eternity in view:  
Bless Thy word to young and old;  
    Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
    May we dwell with Thee above.

## EPIPHANY.

Hymn 225.

P. M.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:

Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,

Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;

Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

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## L E N T.

Hymn 226.

P. M.

JESUS, let Thy pitying eye  
Call back a wandering sheep :

Prone, like Peter, to deny,

Like Peter, I would weep.

Let me be by grace restored ;

On me be all long-suffering shown ;

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,

Repentance to impart,

Give me, through Thy dying love,

The humble, contrite heart ;

Give what I have long implored,

A portion of Thy grief unknown ;

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.

3 For Thine own compassion's sake

The gracious wonder show ;

Cast my sins behind Thy back,  
 And wash me white as snow :  
 Let Thy pity help afford,  
 And while I do myself bemoan,  
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,  
 And break my heart of stone.

## Hymn 227.

L. M.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
 I read my duty in Thy word ;  
 But in Thy life the law appears,  
 Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,  
 Such deference to Thy Father's will,  
 Such love, and meekness so divine,  
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
 Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer ;  
 The desert Thy temptations knew,  
 Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern, make me bear  
 More of Thy gracious image here ;  
 Then God the Judge shall own my name  
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

## PASSION WEEK.

Hymn 228.

C. M.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would He devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
 He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God, the mighty Maker, died,  
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While His dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe:  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

## Hymn 229.

III. 3.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus,  
 Hail, Thou Galilean King ;  
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring !  
 Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame ;  
 By Thy merit find we favor ;  
 Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on Thee were laid ;  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.  
 All Thy people are forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of Thy blood,  
 Opened is the gate of heaven,  
 Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, low we bow before Thee,  
 Mediator glorified !  
 All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
 Seated at Thy Father's side ;  
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
 There Thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, never ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

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## GOOD FRIDAY.

Hymn 230.

III. 2.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power,  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour ;  
 Turn not from His griefs away,  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall ;  
 View the Lord of life arraigned ;  
 Oh, the wormwood and the gall ;  
 Oh, the pangs His soul sustained !  
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
 There, adoring at His feet,  
 Mark the miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete ;  
 "It is finished!"—hear Him cry ;  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

## Hymn 231.

II. 6.

O H, sacred head, now wounded !  
 With grief and shame weighed down !  
 Oh, sacred brow, surrounded  
 With thorns, Thy only crown !  
 Oh, sacred head, what glory,  
 What bliss, till now was Thine !  
 Yet though despised and gory,  
 I joy to call Thee mine.

2 On me, as Thou art dying,  
 Oh turn Thy pitying eye !  
 To Thee for mercy crying,  
 Before Thy cross I lie.  
 Thy grief and Thy compassion  
 Were all for sinners' gain ;  
 Mine, mine was the transgression,  
 But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow  
 To praise Thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end !  
 Oh, make me Thine for ever,  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never,  
 Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near when I am dying ;  
 Oh, show Thy cross to me !  
 And to my succor flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free.

These eyes new faith receiving,  
 From Thine eyes shall not move;  
 For he who dies believing  
 Dies safely through Thy love.

## Hymn 232.

II. 4.

THE atoning work is done,  
 The Victim's blood is shed,  
 And Jesus now is gone  
 His people's cause to plead;  
 He stands in heaven their great High Priest,  
 And bears their names upon His breast.

- 2 He sprinkles with His blood  
 The mercy-seat above;  
 For justice had withheld  
 The purposes of love;  
 But justice now withstands no more,  
 And mercy yields her boundless store.
- 3 No temple made with hands,  
 His place of service is;  
 In heaven itself He stands;  
 A Heavenly Priesthood His.  
 In Him the shadows of the law  
 Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.
- 4 And though awhile He be  
 Hid from the eyes of men,  
 His people look to see  
 Their great High Priest again;  
 In brightest glory He will come,  
 And take His waiting people home.

## EASTER.

## Hymn 233.

III. 1.

**J**ESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
 Our triumphant holiday;  
 Who did once upon the cross  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.  
 Hallelujah !

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King;  
 Who endured the cross and grave,  
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !

3 But the pains which He endured  
 Our salvation have procured;  
 Now above the sky He's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing,  
 Hallelujah !

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## ASCENSION.

## Hymn 234.

III. 1.

**H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,  
 Glorious, to His native skies!  
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
 Enters now the highest heaven.

2 There for Him high triumph waits;  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
 Conqueror over death and sin,  
 Take the King of glory in.

3 Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!  
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves:  
 Though returning to His throne,  
 Still He calls mankind His own.

4 Still for us He intercedes,  
 His prevailing death He pleads;  
 Near Himself prepares our place,  
 Great Forerunner of our race.

5 Lord, though parted from our sight,  
 Far above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise  
 Following Thee beyond the skies.

6 Master (will we ever say,)  
 Taken from our head to-day,  
 See Thy faithful servants, see,  
 Ever gazing up to Thee.

## Hymn 235.

L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple  
 stands,  
 The house of God not made with hands,  
 A great High-Priest our nature wears,  
 The guardian of mankind appears.

- 2 Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends to earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains,  
A fellow-feeling for our pains;  
And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of sorrows had a part;  
He sympathizes in our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aids of heavenly power,  
To help us in the evil hour.

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## WHITSUNDAY.

## Hymn 236.

L. M.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every waiting mind;  
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind.

- 2 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete!  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make us temples worthy Thee!

4 Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Subdue the senses to the soul;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay Thy hand and hold them down.

5 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

6 Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son, by Thee.

## Hymn 237.

S. M.

L ORD God, the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all Thy power;  
We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe:

The young, the old inspire  
 With wisdom from above;  
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
 To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of Light, explore,  
 And chase our gloom away,  
 With lustre shining more and more  
 Unto the perfect day:  
 Spirit of Truth be Thou  
 In life and death our guide;  
 O Spirit of Adoption, now  
 May we be sanctified.

## Hymn 238.

C. M.

SPIRIT of Truth! on this Thy day  
 To Thee for help we cry,  
 To guide us through the dreary way  
 Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame  
 Or tongues of various tone;  
 But long Thy praises to proclaim,  
 With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill  
 Is found on earth no more;  
 Enough for us to trace Thy will  
 In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 Though tongues shall cease and power decay,  
 And knowledge empty prove,  
 Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay  
 With faith, with hope, with love.

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

## Hymn 239.

III. 5.

HOLY Father, great Creator,  
 Source of mercy, love, and peace,  
 Look upon the Mediator,  
 Clothe us with His righteousness;  
 Heavenly Father,  
 Through the Saviour, hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of Glory,  
 Whom angelic hosts proclaim,  
 While we hear Thy wondrous story,  
 Meet and worship in Thy name,  
 Dear Redeemer,  
 In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
 Come with unction from above,  
 Raise our hearts to raptures higher,  
 Fill them with the Saviour's love!  
 Source of comfort,  
 Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation  
 Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!  
 In the song of Thy salvation  
 Every tongue and race combine!  
 Great Jehovah,  
 Form our hearts and make them Thine.

**Hymn 240.**

P. M.

THOU, whose Almighty word  
 Chaos and darkness heard,  
 And took their flight!  
 Hear us, we humbly pray.  
 And where the gospel day  
 Sheds not its glorious ray,  
 Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring  
 On Thy redeeming wing  
 Healing and sight,  
 Health to the sick in mind,  
 Light to the spirit-blind,  
 Oh, now to all mankind  
 Let there be light!

3 Spirit of Truth and Love,  
 Life-giving, holy Dove,  
 Speed forth Thy flight!  
 Move on the water's face,  
 Spreading the beams of grace,  
 And in earth's darkest place  
 Let there be light!

4 Blessed and Holy Three,  
 Glorious Trinity,  
 Grace, Love, and Light!  
 Through the world, far and wide,  
 Boundless as ocean's tide  
 Rolling in fullest pride,  
 Let there be light!

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

Hymn 241.

L. M.

CREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
And changes mark the rolling year ;  
As time with rapid pinions flies,  
May every season make us wise.

- 2 Long has Thy favor crowned our days,  
And summer shed again its rays ;  
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled ;  
No blasting winds our path assailed.
- 3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,  
And filled our fields with waving gold ;  
Our tables spread, our garners stored !  
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,  
The closing day of life and grace ;  
Time of decision, awful hour !  
Around it let no tempests lower !
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;  
Then shall our happy souls above  
Reap the full harvest of Thy love !

## Hymn 242.

II. 4.

BEFORE the Lord we bow,  
 The God who reigns above,  
 And rules the world below,  
 Boundless in power and love.  
 Our thanks we bring  
 In joy and praise,  
 Our hearts we raise  
 To heaven's high King.

2 The nation Thou hast blest  
 May well Thy love declare,  
 From foes and fears at rest,  
 Protected by Thy care.  
 For this fair land,  
 For this bright day,  
 Our thanks we pay—  
 Gifts of Thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,  
 Each vale and forest green,  
 Shine in Thy word's pure light,  
 And its rich fruits be seen!  
 May every tongue  
 Be tuned to praise,  
 And join to raise  
 A grateful song.

4 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,  
 The great Redeemer own,  
 Believe, obey, rejoice,  
 And worship Him alone;

Cast down thy pride,  
 Thy sin deplore,  
 And bow before  
 The Crucified.

5 And when in power He comes,  
 Oh, may our native land,  
 From all its rending tombs,  
 Send forth a glorious band ;  
 A countless throng  
 Ever to sing  
 To heaven's high King  
 Salvation's song.

## CONFIRMATION.

**Hymn 243.**

MY faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Saviour divine !  
 Now hear me while I pray :  
 Take all my guilt away ;  
 Oh, let me from this day  
 Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart ;  
 My zeal inspire ;

As Thou hast died for me,  
 Oh, may my love to Thee  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my guide;  
 Bid darkness turn to day;  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside.

## Hymn 244.

C. M.

MY God, accept my heart this day,  
 And make it always Thine,  
 That I from Thee no more may stray,  
 No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,  
 Behold, I prostrate fall;  
 Let every sin be crucified,  
 Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
 Adopt me for Thine own;  
 That I may see Thy glorious face,  
 And worship at Thy throne.

4 May the dear blood once shed for me  
 My blest atonement prove;  
 That I from first to last may be  
 The purchase of Thy love!

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
 To Thee be ever given;  
 Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
 And death the gate of heaven!

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## THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Hymn 245.

P. M.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,  
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
 By whom the words of life were spoken,  
 And in whose death our sins are dead:

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
 And be Thy feast to us the token  
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

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## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Hymn 246.

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How fair the lily grows!  
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child, whose early feet  
     The path of peace have trod,  
     Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
     Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
     The lily must decay;  
     The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
     Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
     Of man's maturer age  
     Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
     And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, who givest life and breath,  
     We seek Thy grace alone,  
     In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
     To keep us still Thine own.

---

## FUNERALS.

### Hymn 247.

P. M.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we will  
     not deplore thee,  
     Though sorrow and darkness encompass  
     the tomb;  
     Thy Saviour hath passed through its portals  
     before thee,  
     And the lamp of His love was thy guide  
     through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer  
    behold thee,  
    Nor tread the rough paths of the world  
        by thy side;  
    But the wide arms of mercy were spread to  
        enfold thee,  
    And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath  
        died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its man-  
    sion forsaking,  
    Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered  
        long;  
    But the mild rays of Paradise dawned on  
        thy waking,  
    And the sound which thou heard'st was  
        the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will  
    not deplore thee,  
    Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guar-  
        dian and Guide:  
    He gave thee, He took thee, and He will  
        restore thee;  
    And death hath no sting, for the Saviour  
        hath died.

## P R A Y E R.

## Hymn 248.

## III. 1.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
 He Himself has bid thee pray,  
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
 Large petitions with thee bring;  
 For His grace and power are such,  
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin;  
 Lord, remove this load of sin;  
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
 Take possession of my breast;  
 There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,  
 Every hour my strength renew;  
 Let me live a life of faith,  
 Let me die Thy people's death.

## REPENTANCE.

## Hymn 249.

III. 1.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
 Mercy still reserved for me?  
 Can my God His wrath forbear?  
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood His grace;  
 Long provoked Him to His face;  
 Would not hearken to His calls;  
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are;  
 Me He now delights to spare;  
 Now my Father's mercies move,  
 Justice lingers into love.

4 Lo! for me the Saviour stands;  
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;  
 God is Love! I know, I feel;  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

## FAITH.

## Hymn 250.

P. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot ;  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 With fears within, and foes without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down ;  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come.

## Hymn 251.

C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,  
 Close to Thy bleeding side ;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 “ For me the Saviour died.”

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
 Fountain for guilt and sin!  
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;  
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve;  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love.

## Hymn 252.

L. M.

JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
 Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise  
 To take my mansion in the skies,  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
 "Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears  
 When ruined nature sinks in years;  
 No age can change its glorious hue;  
 The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh ! let the dead now hear Thy voice ;  
 Bid, Lord, Thy banished ones rejoice ;  
 Our beauty this, our glorious dress,  
 Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

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## LOVE.

## Hymn 253.

C. M.

JESUS ! the very thought of Thee  
 With sweetness fills my breast ;  
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
 And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
 Nor can the memory find,  
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,  
 The Saviour of mankind.

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart,  
 Oh, joy of all the meek,  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art !  
 How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is  
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,  
 As Thou our prize wilt be;  
 Jesus! be Thou our glory now,  
 And through eternity.

## Hymn 254.

C. M.

MY God, I love Thee, not because  
 I hope for heaven thereby ;  
 Nor yet because, if I love not,  
 I must forever die.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
 Upon the cross embrace ;  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,  
 And sweat of agony,  
 E'en death itself ; and all for one  
 Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ !  
 Should I not love Thee well ;  
 Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
 Or of escaping hell ;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught ;  
 Not seeking a reward ;  
 But, as Thyself hast loved me,  
 O ever loving Lord !

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
 And in Thy praise will sing ;  
 Solely because Thou art my God,  
 And my eternal King.

## Hymn 255.

C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear !  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast ;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And for the weary, rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place ;  
 My never-failing treasury filled  
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
 Although with sin defiled ;  
 Satan accuses me in vain,  
 And I am owned a child.

5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

7 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath;  
 And may the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

---

## PRAISE.

## Hymn 256.

III. 3.

LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven;  
 Earth is with its fulness stored;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing;  
 Earth takes up the angel's cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,  
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,  
 While our thoughts His greatness raises,  
 And our love His gifts excite.  
 With his seraph train before Him,  
 With His holy church below,  
 Thus unite we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthems flow.

3 Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven ;  
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
 Thus Thy glorious name confessing,  
 We adopt the angels' cry,  
 "Holy, holy, holy"—blessing  
 Thee, the Lord our God most High !

## Hymn 257.

L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,  
 And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise,  
 He justly claims a song from thee ;  
 His loving-kindness, oh, how free !

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
 He saved me from my lost estate ;  
 His loving-kindness, oh, how great !

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along ;  
 His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood ;  
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart,  
 But though I oft have Him forgot,  
 His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
 Oh, may my last expiring breath  
 His loving-kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away  
 To the bright world of endless day ;  
 And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

## Hymn 258.

C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall,  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
 Who from the Altar call ;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
 Whom David, Lord did call ;  
 The God incarnate ! Man divine !  
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him—Lord of all.

### Hymn 259.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise:  
 Alleluia.

For the glory of their King,  
 Shall the ransomed people sing;  
 Alleluia.

And the choirs that dwell on high  
 Shall re-echo through the sky  
 Alleluia.

They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,  
 The blessed ones, with joy the chorus swell.  
 Alleluia.

2 The planets beaming on their heavenly way,  
 The shining constellations, join and say,  
 Alleluia.

Ye clouds that onward sweep,  
 Ye thunders echoing loud and deep,  
 Ye winds on pinions light,  
 Ye lightnings wildly bright,  
 In sweet consent unite

Your Alleluia.

3 Ye floods and ocean billows,  
Ye storms and winter snow,  
Ye days of cloudless beauty,  
Hoar frost and summer glow,  
Ye groves that wave in spring,  
And glorious forests, sing  
Alleluia.  
First let the birds, with painted plumage  
gay,  
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say  
Alleluia.

4 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying  
strain,  
Join in creation's hymn and cry again,  
Alleluia.  
Here let the mountains thunder forth sono-  
rous  
Alleluia.  
Here let the valleys sing in gentler chorus  
Alleluia.  
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry,  
Alleluia.  
Ye tracts of earth and continents reply,  
Alleluia.

5 To God who all creation made,  
The frequent hymn be duly paid,  
Alleluia.  
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the  
Lord Almighty loves,  
Alleluia.  
This is the song, the heavenly song, that  
Christ the King approves. Alleluia.

Therefore we sing, both heart and voice  
 awaking, Alleluia.  
 And children's voices echo, answer mak-  
 ing, Alleluia.  
 Now from all men be outpoured  
 Alleluia to the Lord:  
 With Alleluia evermore  
 The Son and Spirit we adore:  
 Praise be done to the Three in One!  
 Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

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## P E A C E.

## Hymn 260.

C. M.

1 O H for a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free!  
 A heart that always feels Thy blood,  
 So freely spilt for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true and clean;  
 Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine,  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
 Come quickly from above;  
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best name of Love.

**Hymn 261.**

C. M.

**T**HREE is a fold whence none can stray,  
 And pastures ever green,  
 Where sultry sun, or stormy day,  
 Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,  
 In God's own light it lies;  
 His smile its vast dimension fills  
 With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,  
 Divides that land from this;  
 I have a Shepherd pledged to save,  
 And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at His feet my soul will lie,  
 In life's last struggling breath;  
 But I shall only seem to die,  
 I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be  
 Exempt from toil and strife;  
 To spend eternity with Thee,  
 My Saviour, this is life!

## Hymn 262.

C. M.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,  
 And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,  
 Whose love forbids my fears?  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand  
 That wipes away my tears?

3 No, rather let me freely yield  
 What most I prize to Thee,  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
 Or wilt withhold, from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
 Thou art engaged to grant;  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,  
 Shall I resist them both?  
 The poor, blind creature of a day,  
 And crushed before the moth!

6 But oh! my inward spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to Thy sway!  
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies,  
 Drives all these thoughts away.

## Hymn 263.

P. M

MY Saviour, as Thou wilt!  
 Oh, may Thy will be mine!  
 Into Thy hand of love  
 I would my all resign.  
 Through sorrow or through joy,  
 Conduct me as Thine own,  
 And help me still to say,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!  
 If needy here and poor,  
 Give me Thy people's bread,  
 Their portion rich and sure.  
 The manna of Thy word  
 Let my soul feed upon;  
 And if all else should fail,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!  
 Though seen through many a tear,  
 Let not my star of hope  
 Grow dim or disappear.  
 Since Thou on earth hast wept  
 And sorrowed oft alone,  
 If I must weep with Thee,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

4 My Saviour, as Thou wilt!  
 All shall be well for me:  
 Each changing future scene,  
 I gladly trust with Thee.

Straight to my home above,  
 I travel calmly on,  
 And sing in life or death,  
 My Lord, Thy will be done!

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## DAILY DEVOTION.

## Hymn 264.

II. 5.

A BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide,  
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me  
 abide;  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
 Change and decay on all around I see;  
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
 power?  
 Who like Thyself, my guide and stay can  
 be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide  
 with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy  
 victory?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing  
 eyes;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
 the skies;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
 shadows flee;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

## Hymn 265.

L. M.

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,  
 My daily labor to pursue;  
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
 And every moment watch and pray;  
 And still to things eternal look,  
 And hasten to that glorious day.

3 Fain would I still for Thee employ  
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath  
 given;  
 Would run my course with even joy,  
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

## Hymn 266.

C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
 From strife and tumult far;  
 From scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
     With prayer and praise agree;  
     And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
     For those that follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
     And grace her mean abode,  
     Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,  
     She communes with her God !

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
     Her solitary lays,  
     Nor asks a witness of her song,  
     Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life!  
     Sweet source of life divine,  
     And—all harmonious names in one—  
     My Saviour! Thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,  
     A boundless, endless store,  
     Shall echo through the realms above,  
     When time shall be no more.

## Hymn 267.

P. M.

NEARER, my God, to Thee!  
     Nearer to Thee!  
     E'en though it be a cross  
     That raiseth me;  
     Still all my song shall be,  
     Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
     Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,  
    Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
    My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
    Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear  
    Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
    In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
    Nearer to Thee! \*

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
    Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
    Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
    Nearer to Thee!

5 Or, if on joyful wing,  
    Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
    Upward I fly;  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
    Nearer to Thee!

## Hymn 268.

L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,  
Be my last thought how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## D E A T H .

## Hymn 269.

L. M.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
 A From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
 A calm and undisturbed repose,  
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet,  
 To be for such a slumber meet;  
 With holy confidence to sing  
 That death has lost its painful sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
 Whose waking is supremely blest;  
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
 May such a blissful refuge be;  
 Securely shall my ashes lie,  
 Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;  
 But there is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

## Hymn 270.

S. M.

FOR ever with the Lord!  
 Amen, so let it be :  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's illumined eye  
The golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies ;  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Lord, bid the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease,  
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expand Thy bow of peace.

**Hymn 271.**

C. M.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labors have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and Thee!
- 2 Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
Thy gates are all of orient pearl :  
O God! if I were there!

3 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!  
 Thy joys when shall I see?  
 The King that sitteth on Thy throne  
 In His felicity!

4 Thy gardens, and Thy goodly walks  
 Continually are green,  
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
 As nowhere else are seen.

5 Right through Thy streets, with pleasing  
 sound,  
 The living waters flow,  
 And on the banks on either side,  
 The trees of life do grow.

6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit ;  
 For evermore they spring,  
 And all the nations of the earth  
 To Thee their honours bring.

7 Oh, mother dear ; Jerusalem,  
 When shall I come to Thee ?  
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?  
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

**Hymn 272.**

C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

3 O'er all those wide, extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in His bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Can here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

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## JUDGMENT.

**Hymn 273.**

**P. M.**

**D**AY of wrath! that day of mourning!  
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,  
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

- 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Lo ! the trumpet's wondrous swelling  
Peals through each sepulchral dwelling,  
All before the Throne compelling.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the book, exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded ;  
Thence shall justice be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing ?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity ! then befriend us !
- 9 Think, kind Jesus, my salvation  
Cost Thy wondrous Incarnation ;  
Leave me not to reprobation !
- 10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the cross of suffering bought me ;  
Shall such grace in vain be brought me ?

- 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!
- 13 Thou the harlot gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying thief's petition;  
Hopeless else were my condition.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15 With Thy favored sheep, oh, place me!  
Nor among the goats abase me;  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,  
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Bow my heart in meek submission,  
Strewn with ashes of contrition;  
Help me in my last condition.
- 18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,  
When in dust no longer sleeping,  
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!
- 19 To the rest Thou didst prepare him  
By Thy Cross, O Christ, upbear him;  
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

## ETERNITY.

Hymn 274.

C. M.

LET me not, Thou King Eternal,  
 Enter hell's domain infernal !  
 Where is grieving, where is sadness,  
 Where is sorrow, where is madness,  
 Where despair is ever sighing,  
 Where the worm is never dying,  
 Where the shameless are astounded,  
 Where the guilty are confounded.

2 Me, may Zion welcome, saved ;  
 Tranquil city, seat of David ;  
 God its builder, light immortal ;  
 Orient pearl each blazing portal ;  
 Crystal gold its streets ; the nation  
 Of the blest its population ;  
 Living rock the walls that bound it,  
 Christ the guard that dwells around it.

3 With what joyous gratulations  
 Throng Thy gates the festive nations !  
 What the warmth of their embracing !  
 What the gems Thy walls engraving !  
 Through that city's streets are wending,  
 Holy throngs, their anthems blending ;  
 There may I, with myriads glorious,  
 Chant Thy praise in psalms victorious !

**Hymn 275.**

BRIEF life is here our portion,  
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life is there.  
 Oh, happy retribution !  
 Short toil, eternal rest ;  
 For mortals and for sinners,  
 A mansion with the blest.

2 And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown.  
 The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows pass away,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day.

3 Oh, sweet and blessed country !  
 The home of God's elect ;  
 Oh, sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect !  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest ;  
 Who art with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

**Hymn 276.**

JERUSALEM, the golden !  
 With milk and honey blest ;  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh ! I know not  
What joys await me there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng.  
There is the throne of David,  
And there, from toil released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast.

3 And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight ;  
Forever, and forever,  
Are clad in robes of white.  
Oh, land that seest no sorrow !  
Oh, state that fear'st no strife !  
Oh, royal land of flowers !  
Oh, realm and home of life !

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country !  
The home of God's elect !  
Oh, sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

**Hymn 277.**

FOR thee, oh dear, dear country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
 For very love, beholding  
 Thy happy name, they weep.  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 Oh one, oh only mansion !  
 Oh Paradise of joy !  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
 And smiles have no alloy ;  
 Thou hast no shores, fair ocean !  
 Thou hast no time, bright day !  
 Dear fountain of refreshment  
 To pilgrims far away.

3 Oh, sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect !  
 Oh, sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect !  
 Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest ;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.



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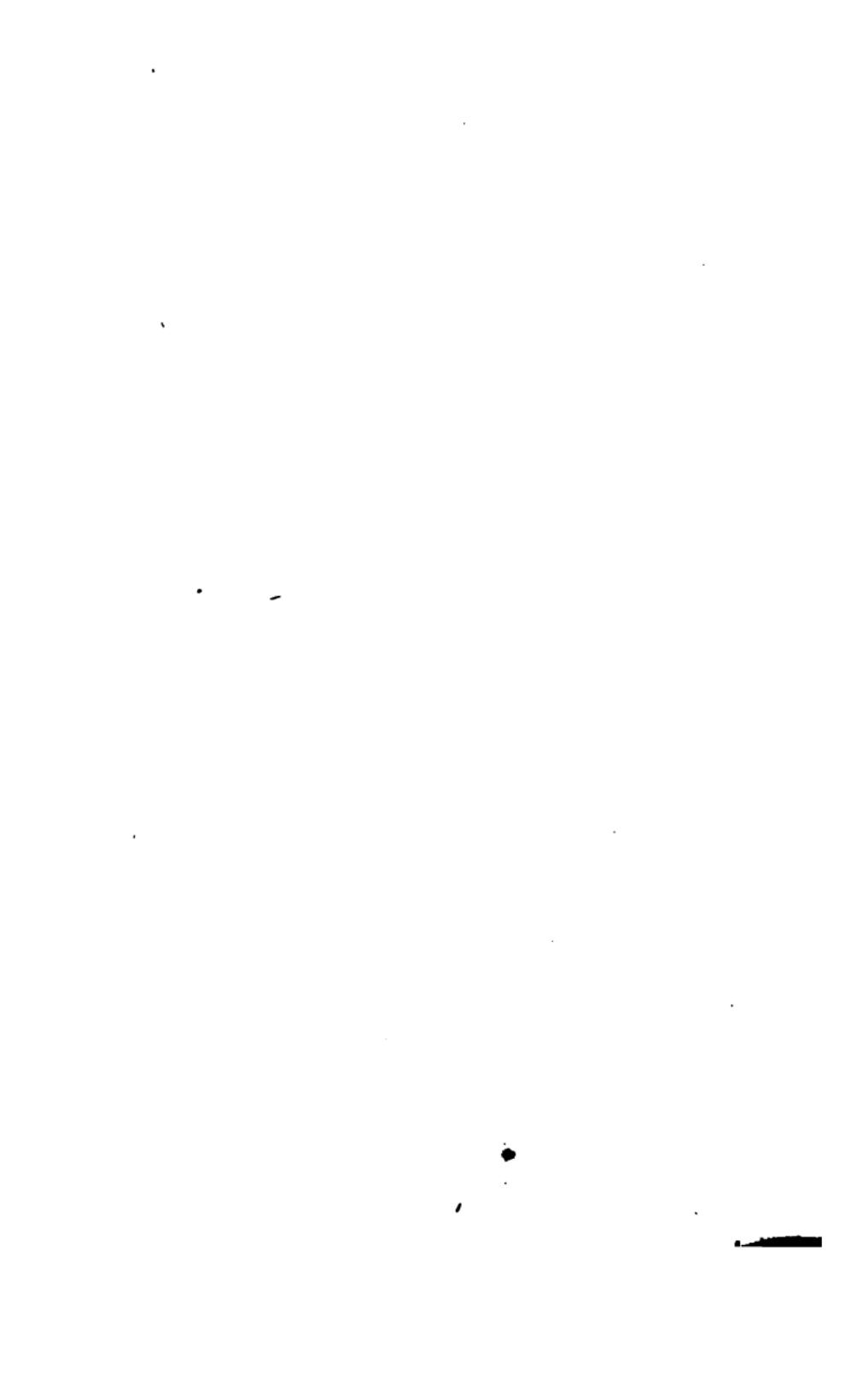
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